Does It Pay to Study at Home?

THE next time you envy a chap who steps into a fine job because he's prepared to handle his work, don't whine, "That lucky dog!" and then settle back to your own dead-level grind. Instead, get out your musty old school books, decide what kind of job you'd like, and begin to study. After that there won't be much for you to do except to keep your engine on the main track with her boilers fired and her orders "full steam ahead." That's the receipt by which "lucky dogs" are made.

When Lilla J. Jordan was forty years old she decided to start a hospital. Finding the training schools closed to her, she studied at home, and now she is superintendent of the Hill Crest Hospital.

It isn't necessary for a man to be born in a log cabin in order to make a mark for himself. Log cabins really had very little to do with the greatness of Lincoln or Garfield. Each made his name immortal because he was dauntless and persevering. Both had to borrow books because they could not afford to buy; both drove mules on a canal tow-path; both split wood.

Garfield swept floors and rang the bell of the academy to pay for his tuition during a brief period of schooling. At the same time, he boarded himself on thirty-one cents a week. Twenty-seven years later he was President of the United States.

Lincoln, in one of his immortal speeches made to Congress after he had climbed to the heights of fame, said:

"No men living are more worthy to be trusted than those who toil up from poverty; none less inclined to take or touch aught which they have not honestly earned."

"And above all," advised Salvini, the great Italian tragedian, "study, study, study! All the genius in the world will not help you along in any art unless you become a hard student."

And, he might have added, if you can't go to the university, bring the university to your hall bedroom. That is exactly what Thurlow Weed did, except that he had not even the comforts of a hall bedroom and the privilege of an evening's leisure. He tramped through miles of snow on feet swaddled in remnants of rag carpet in order to borrow a book. Then he studied his book by the light of a bonfire which he kept burning through the long night when he kept watch of the syrup kettles in his father's maple grove.

Elihu Burritt spent precious little money on his education, but he was lavish with devotion. He was apprenticed at an early age to a blacksmith. Eleven hours of each day he spent at the forge, but in his "spare" minutes he managed to master eighteen languages, and a good deal of other information that was invaluable to him when he became one of the central figures of his day.

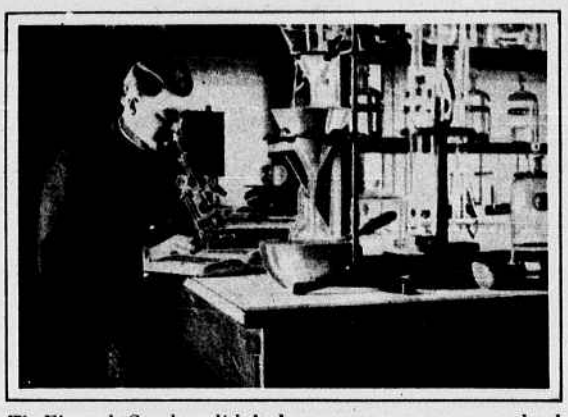
Great men have always been misers of minutes. Lord Bacon's fame springs from the work of his leisure hours while Chancellor of England. During an interview with a monarch, Goethe suddenly excused himself to write down a thought for "Faust," lest it escape him. Pope often rose in the night to write out thoughts. Grote wrote his matchless "History of Greece" in the hours snatched from his duties as a banker. George Stephenson educated himself in his spare moments.

Michael Faraday's Early Struggle

WHEN Sir Humphry Davy, the great chemist, was asked what he considered his greatest discovery, he replied: "Michael Faraday." Faraday was apprenticed as a lad to a bookbinder. While working on the Encyclopædia Britannica he absorbed every bit of knowledge that his eye could take in at a glance. At the close of his day's work he would read the articles that interested him. One article on electricity fired his ambition. He went to hear Sir Davy lecture, and the next night summoned courage to write a letter telling the famous chemist of his own ambitions. Sir Davy became interested in the lad, and employed him to clean instruments in his laboratory. It was not long before Faraday, the poor boy who had had no chance, was invited to lecture before the great Philosophical Society. Sir Davy himself started his career in the attic of a chemist's shop.

If a genius like Gladstone always carried a book in his pocket lest a spare moment be wasted, what, pray, can you and I be thinking about when we squander hours? This is the question that the people on this page asked themselves. Then they began to study at home. They are just a few of a great host of folk who are forging ahead in the face of difficulties; who can't be held down by any misfortune or any circumstance.

There was no room in America, when Lincoln lived, for the man who complained that he "didn't have a chance." Much less is there any place for him to-day, in this age of opportunity.



W. Elwood Snyder didn't have even a common-school education. Yet he rose from sample boy in a cement factory to be president of his own company. He took up a correspondence course, and in two and a half years he rose to the top of his profession.

Jess G. Vincent, who has just raised his goggles to have his picture taken, is vice-president of Engineering, Packard Motor Company. Mr. Vincent used to work at a bench, making tools. He plugged away on his studies at night, and to-day stands ace-high in engineering circles.

Beware the Shyster Lawyer

By GEORGE F. WORTS

WHEN the young man who had been struck from behind by a skidding taxicab woke up in the hospital on the following afternoon, the first person to rush to his side was a man he had never seen before in his life.

After the cordially sympathetic stranger had uttered a few words, the injured man wondered if the accident, besides breaking him physically, had played tricks with his memory.

Addressing him by his first name, the stranger spoke in tearful accents about how sorry "everybody" felt.

"Who do you mean—everybody?" inquired the man on the cot—who was a newcomer to the city.

"And everybody's mighty sore about the way that taxi-driver steered into you," went on the stranger, ignoring the question. "They all say you ought to sue that taxicab company and collect big damages." His face fairly radiated significance.

While the injured man was turning this pleasant thought over in his mind, his caller took out a fountain pen and some paper.

"We all think you ought to collect big damages," went on the man genially, "and it just happens that I represent a firm of live-wire lawyers who make a specialty of such cases as yours. You've got a sure-fire case, but you will need sharp lawyers to squeeze the last penny out of it for you. That's why we want to handle your case, so you'll get all the money you deserve. Just sign along this dotted line. Right along here. This is a retainer. It gives me the authority to begin the investigation. We won't charge you a cent if we lose. If we win we'll take part of it. We'll split the proceeds—fifty-fifty. Why, you ought to make $1500. It's a cinch!"

The victim signed the retainer.

The taxicab company, knowing the character of their assailants, decided to take the case to court. The "live-wire" attorneys demanded $5000 damages, and were awarded $1000. According to the verbal agreement, the injured man should have received $500. Did he receive $500? Decidedly not. After the "costs" and the "fees" and the "incidentals" were detracted, he received a check for $185.

Knowing nothing about illegal practices, and suffering no other inconvenience than a limp which he would enjoy as long as he lived, he gulped—and accepted the check.

Aside from the fact that his meager share of the $1000 made the injured man the brunt of a rascally transaction, the attorneys had played the game crookedly